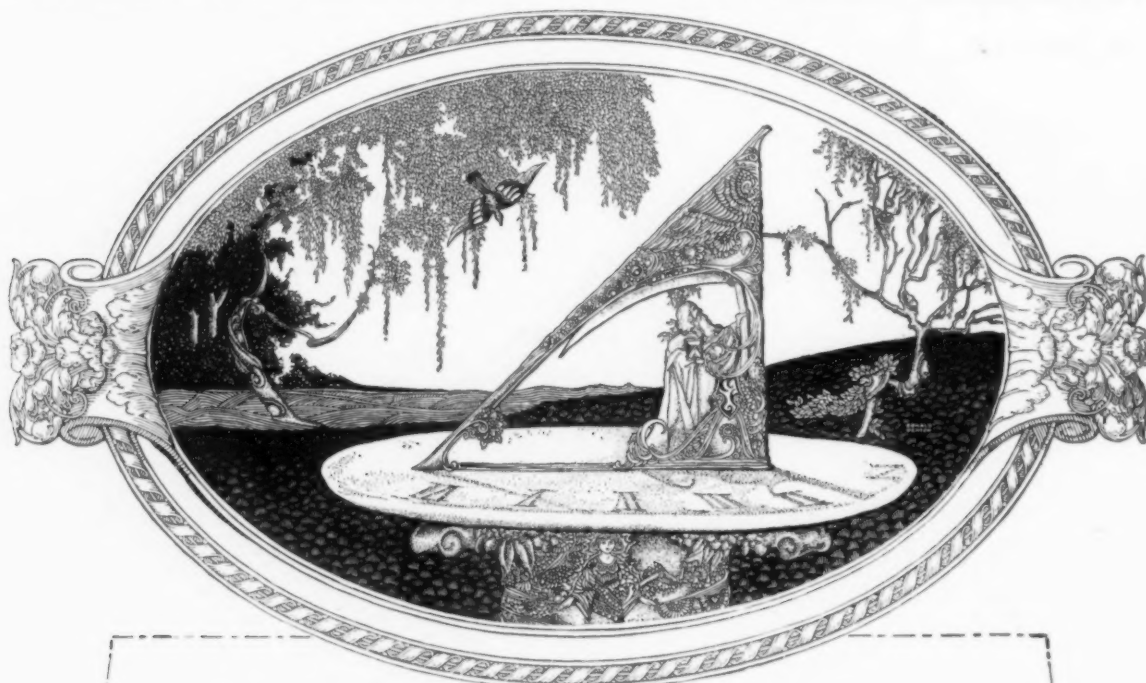


FEBRUARY 28, 1924

PRICE 15 CENTS



*The Bricklayer's Return*



## Time—time is the most important thing in the world—and he who uses it best succeeds best

The sun-dial measures off little pieces of eternity.

Little pieces of eternity that must be used while they are *here*—for once passed they never can be retrieved!

In some hands they are intangible fragments of small worth, lightly tossed into the everlasting discard.

But for those who have seeing eyes and comprehending minds they are realities of first importance, that must be put to immediate and utmost service.

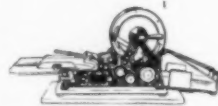
Into these little fragments of eternity the Mimeograph packs a peculiar quantity and quality of worth while work.

As a tool for cramming into the

speeding hours an amazing amount of skillful service, the Mimeograph is a supreme achievement.

Its regular hourly output of five thousand well printed duplicates of letters, bulletins, forms or designs has saved, for commercial and educational institutions throughout the world, an incalculable amount of time—therefore an uncountable sum of money.

What others have found so necessary, surely must be worthy of your immediate consideration. The A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, will send, without charge, booklet W-2, which may give you some new ideas concerning the importance of time.



FEB 26 1924  
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HEAVY WEATHER!



THINGS AS THEY ARE NOT

A FASHIONABLE PORTRAIT PAINTER DECLINES TO PAINT THE WIFE OF ONE OF OUR MORE RECENT PLUTOCRATS, ON THE GROUND THAT HER FEATURES DO NOT APPEAL TO HIM.

### The Protests of an Inoffensive Man

IN the old days I was one who observed without derisive comment my wife's simulated ardor for symphony. Somewhat later, I paid her subscriptions to morning musicales without a word of levity, though I enjoy making a brilliant remark occasionally. When she went in for afternoons of chamber music, nothing came from me to indicate that I had any opinion of her pose or the advanced hour of dining. I have spent a man's honest number of evenings in and about the lobbies and smoking rooms of the opera. An unbiased audit shows my rating for

domestic forbearance in matters of musical art to be 99.4 plus. Therefore—

If I desire to take refuge in indifference, not to say apathy, during the present vogue for the singing of spirituals when there is occasion and also when there is no occasion, I believe I am amply justified by my record of fourteen years.

McCready Huston.

### After All These Years

HATCH: And have you been successful in your affairs of the heart?  
BATCH: Very. I am still unmarried.

### Life Lines

GREAT BRITAIN has recognized the Russian Soviet Government. All right! What is it?

¶

Radio is no miracle to the candidate who for years has been able to hear the voice of the people at any distance.

¶

Four thousand cases of Scotch whisky, which had been held in bond in New York since Prohibition, were recently shipped to Glasgow.

By the way, how is the coal supply in Newcastle this year?

¶

It is generally conceded that it was a good thing for the saloon to go. Too bad it didn't.

¶

Automatic telephones are expected to bring about a great saving. They eliminate the girl and enable the subscriber to get his own wrong numbers.

¶

The public is unnecessarily alarmed over the lease of Teapot Dome. The whole thing was done according to oil.

¶

A ninety-year-old veteran of the Civil War has asked Congress to grant him an honorable discharge from the army. Won't these soldiers ever stop pestering our Government?

¶

It is announced that there are now 15,221,183 automobiles in the United States. It would be interesting to know just how many of these are able to pass a given pedestrian.

¶

"McAdoo will have the support of all movie people."—*News item.*

If this includes all ex-husbands and ex-wives he is as good as elected.

¶

A lady involved in a breach of promise suit has observed that "righteousness gets you nothing." What has William H. Anderson to say to this?

¶

Ex-Secretary Fall refused to testify before the Senate on the ground that it might incriminate him. He should have thought of that in the first place.

¶

A logical successor to the American eagle as our national bird would be the stormy petrel.



"LISSEN, KID, DON'T TROW NO MORE SNOWBALLS AT PLUG HATS. SOME OF ME FREN'S IS WEARIN' 'EM, SEE? AN' GEE! YOU MAY BE A-WEARIN' ONE YERSELF SOME DAY."

### The Golden Age

WHEN all of the papers are Munsey's,  
Except those belonging to Hearst,  
And every news item that one sees  
Has been seen by those gentlemen first,  
It will rid us of doubts that perplex us,  
It will give us an unbiased view;  
And folks from New Hampshire to Texas  
Will know what to do.

When Hearst has acquired every journal,  
Save those Mr. Munsey controls,  
No more will misgivings infernal  
Assail our susceptible souls.  
We'll not have to worry concerning  
The subsidization of ships;  
Our infants will have for their learning  
The best comic strips.

Then hasten the day when the presses  
Shall owe their allegiance *en masse*  
To men who, as each now confesses,  
Are friends of the laboring class;  
When all whom the nation embraces  
(Except an occasional crank)  
Shall thrive by the virtues and graces  
Of William and Frank.

Stoddard King.

### Nubbville Spark

DAMOCLES ROPER, our local dry agent, would've waved back at a strange woman this noon, but he had just put his hands into his pockets for the day.



"YOUR MAJESTY! A NEW YORK BOOTLEGGER JUST ARRIVED AND BROUGHT YOU THIS BOTTLE, WITH HIS COMPLIMENTS."  
"VERY THOUGHTFUL OF HIM—GIVE HIM A JOB ON OUR FORCE OF PROHIBITION OFFICERS."



SENATORIAL HEROES OF THE NEXT WAR. (ASSUMING THAT THOSE OPPOSED TO WORLD UNITY WOULD BE THE FIRST TO ENLIST.)

## LIFE'S War Prize Contest

### Senate Investigation Threatened

FROM sources usually reliable, we learn that the announcement of LIFE'S War Prize Contest has thrown the Senatorial Battalion of Death into a furor of excitement.

One of the Senators prominent in isolation circles expressed the feeling of his colleagues when he said in a statement to a reporter: "There is more in this than meets the eye. Just when we were busy preparing for a big world conflict to come off in June or, at the latest, July, along comes LIFE with its plan to start hostilities before April 30. It is all a gigantic hoax; any one knows that you can't get a good war going in less than six months."

In reply to the accusations of these disgruntled Senators, LIFE can only assure its readers that it is entirely disinterested in the matter. There is nothing commercial in it for us; our reward will be the spiritual exaltation which seems to come from starting trouble.

Since the announcement of its contest, LIFE has refused several huge advertising contracts from manufacturers of poison gas, barbed wire and munitions, who feel that

this magazine is doing a great good work in the promotion of international ill-will.

It is felt that all the agitation in Washington would have been avoided if LIFE had not barred members of Congress from competition in the contest. Much of the official resentment may be traced to this source.

In the meantime, the War Prize Contest will go on, and suggestions from LIFE's readers will be welcomed. If you have any constructive ideas about war, you should send them to LIFE at once. You may submit as many suggestions as you please, but each must be limited to two hundred

words. (Many of our most popular wars have been started with fewer.) Brevity is an object.

The prizes in this significant contest are as follows:

First Prize.....	\$250.00
Second Prize.....	125.00
Third Prize.....	75.00
Fourth Prize.....	50.00

The contest is governed by the following:

#### CONDITIONS

1. Suggestions must be limited to 200 words.
  2. The contest will close on April 15, and the judges will not consider any manuscripts received after that date.
  3. All professional war-promoters—including members of Congress, manufacturers of munitions and war materials, a selected list of ministers of the Gospel, members of "patriotic" defense societies and the House of Hohenzollern—are barred from the contest. The Editors of LIFE are also ineligible.
  4. Suggestions should be addressed to the War Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.
- As the answers to this contest are submitted, the Editors of LIFE will select those suggestions that they consider best. These will be published from week to week in LIFE, and the readers of the magazine will have the opportunity to vote for their favorites. From these selections the Editors will make the final awards. Should any of the winning plans be duplicated, the full amount of the prize will be given each tying contestant. Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award.
- Every contribution to this Contest which is published in LIFE will be paid for at our regular rates—whether it wins a prize or not.



ERIC'S EPIC



**ERIC** was a bold young chieftain under old Canute the Pink and he loved the Princess Pjilsa — he was too lovesick to think. Old Canute admired headwork and preferred some brain with brawn, so he bade the ardent Eric come before him one gray dawn.



"Listen, Eric!" said His Highness. "Lend an ear! Get on your toes! If thou want'st to wed my daughter thou must'st beat her other beaus! "Dost thou know Wotan's Nut-Cracker, with its thongs and copper bands? It is *somewhere*, saith the legend. I would like it in my hands!"

"Sure, I know the sacred bludgeon!" cried our hero, in a sweat. "Sure, I know it well — from hearsay — but I haven't seen it yet. "I shall scour the world and find it! I shall bring it back to thee!" Forth he started on his journey, full of pep as he could be.



Far he hunted that shillely. Far he wandered. Farther yet! Long he sought the Big Stick mystic — like a fool election bet. Lands and lands he combed completely, seas and seas and seas galore, always seeking that elusive pate-caresser Wotan wore.



Knaves would sometimes try to fool him — offer him a spurious club, but our hero spurned such trash and dubbed along. He *was* a dub! Round and round the world he journeyed; ambled, rambled, scrambled on; hither now, and next day, thither. (If not thither, it was yon.)



But he came back empty-handed. Canute met him in the yard, pointing to the club in question leaning on a can of lard. "That's it!" Eric shouted hoarsely. "Sure!" said Canute. "You're bereft of Pjil's hand, however, for 'twas there, behind you, when you left!"



THE HANDWRITING EXPERT



AN EDITORIAL SERVICE STATION FOR STANDARDIZED NEWSPAPERS

## Reforming After-Dinner Oratory

THE chief reason why that dreary institution, the public dinner, is such a gloomy affair is that the wrong men are always invited to address the unfortunate diners. True to its mission, LIFE has quietly been working for the regulation of after-dinner speakers, with the beneficent results shown in these brief reports of recent dinners:

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 21.—The principal speaker at the annual dinner of the National Security League this evening was Mr. C. M. Ruthenberg, Secretary of the American Communist Society, whose stirring address on "Why Property Should Be Confiscated" was received with tumultuous applause. Mr. Otto H. Kahn and others also spoke.

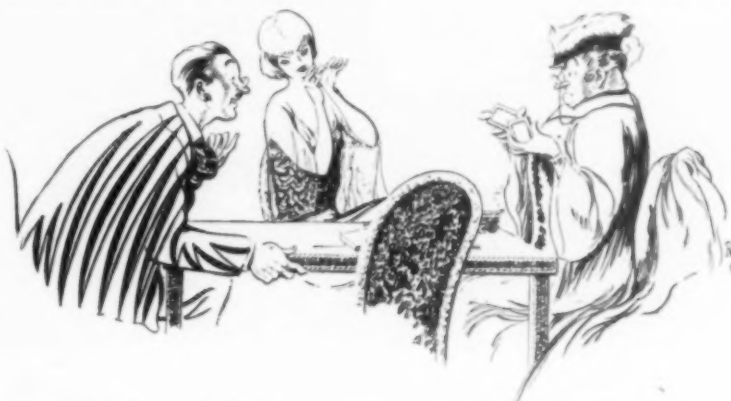
BOSTON, MASS., Feb. 23.—At the annual dinner of the Dock Laborers' Union No. 2, held at the Quincy House this evening, Professor Irving Fisher of Yale spoke on "The Worker's Need for an Elastic Dollar" to an audience that wildly cheered his assertion that "business cycles are due to the centripetal

tendency of the periphery." Mr. Otto H. Kahn and others also spoke.

SCHOHARIE, N. Y., Feb. 25.—The annual dinner of the Dairymen's League was addressed this evening by Mr. Bernard M. Baruch, who spoke on "The

Farmer as an Interest-Producing Machine." His demonstration of the easy way for the farmers to get out of debt by borrowing more money was warmly received. Mr. Otto H. Kahn and others also spoke.

Whidden Graham.



The Filler-in (abjectly): I REALIZE I SHOULDN'T HAVE TRUMPED THAT, PARTNER; BUT YOU SEE . . . ER . . . MY BRIDGE . . .  
Partner (icily): OH, SO YOU DO KNOW WHAT WE'RE PLAYING.



*Mr. Skinner (reading):* "BE A PAL TO YOUR BOY IF YOU WANT TO GET CLOSE TO HIM." THERE'S A LOT IN THAT. I THINK I'LL TAKE THIS BOOK HOME.

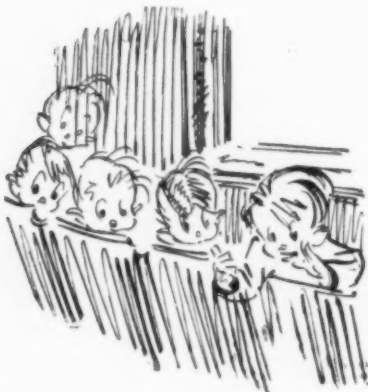


*Mr. Skinner:* HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO TO THE MOVIES WITH ME, SKIPPY?

*Skippy:* YA NOT KIDDIN'—HONEST? "HONEST."



*Skippy:* THIS AIN'T A GOOD NEWS REEL, IS IT, PAPA?  
"NOW, BE PATIENT! WE MAY SEE AN OIL TANK EXPLODE YET."



"LOOK, FELLERS! THERE'S SKIPPY! HEY, SKIPPY, YOO! HOO! LOOK! THE BUNCH!"



*Skippy:* PAPA, CAN I GO OVER 'N' SIT BY FREDDIE 'N' THE BUNCH? CAN I, HUH, PAPA—BY FREDDIE?



*Skippy:* WILL YOU, PAPA, LET ME, HUH, SIT OVER BY THE FELLERS? AW, GEE! WILL YA—AFTER, HUH, PAPA?



"SKIPPY! ASK IF YA C'N COME OVER! WE'RE GOIN' TO CRACK SOME RIDDLES."



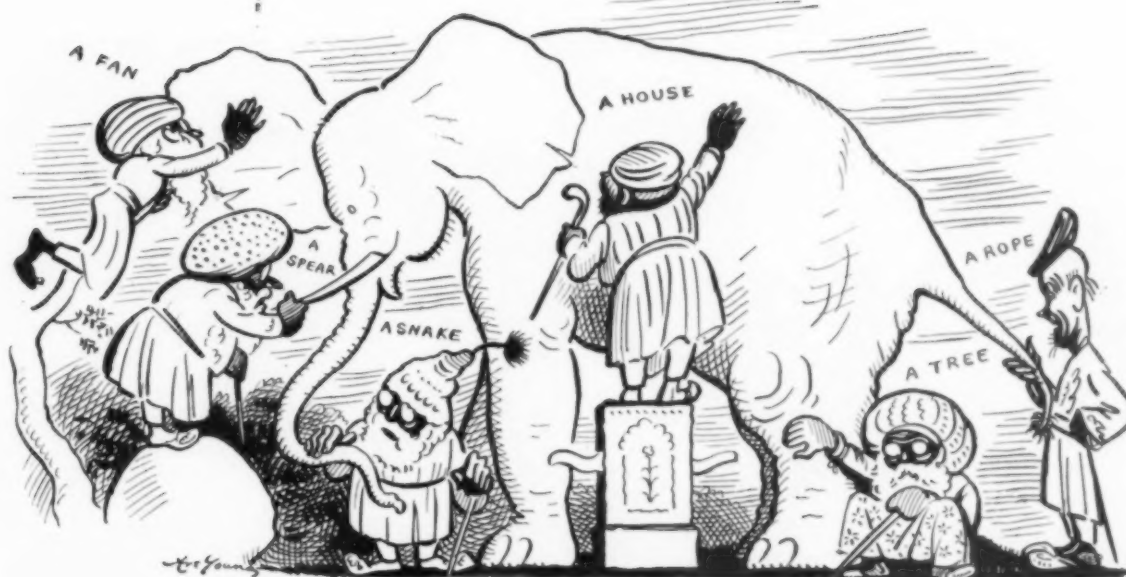
*Mr. Skinner:* ALL RIGHT, SKIPPY, YOU CAN GO OVER. I HAVE SOME THINGS TO ATTEND TO ANYWAY.

*Skippy:* HE SAID YES!



*Mr. Skinner:* I'M TAKING A BOOK BACK TO THE LIBRARY, DEAR—BY THE WAY, I MAY DROP IN AND HAVE A LITTLE GAME OF KELLEY POOL WITH THE BOYS.

Skippy



AN OLD POEM FOR THE PRESENT DAY

*It was six men of Indostan  
To learning much inclined,  
Who went to see the Elephant  
(Though all of them were blind),  
That each by observation  
Might satisfy his mind.*

*So oft in theologic wars,  
The disputants, I ween,  
Rail on in utter ignorance  
Of what each other mean,  
And prate about an Elephant  
Not one of them has seen!*

John Godfrey Saxe (1816-1887).

Where She That Runs May Read

(*"Sheer Stockings Reveal Co-Ed's Answers  
Written on Her Ankles."*—News Item.)

WHEN this practice of using ankles for memorandum pads becomes generally adopted we may expect:

*On the Street*

FIRST WOMAN: What's the matter, dear? Something in your shoe?

SECOND WOMAN: Nothing but my foot. I was only trying to read what that address was I had written on my ankle.

*In the Home*

HUSBAND: Now you won't forget to do that, will you, dear?

HIS WIFE: Of course not! I've got it all written down here on my ankle.

*In the Department Store*

WOMAN SHOPPER: I'm so sorry, Mr. Floorwalker, but I'm in the silliest predicament—I can't read my own writing. (*Holding up a slim ankle to his astonished gaze.*) Won't you please see what that says?

*In the Turkish Bath—Ladies' Day*

BATHER (*to attendant*): Will you kindly try to get that off my ankle? I wrote our telephone number on it in indelible ink and now we've moved!

*In the Grocery Shop*

DISTRACTED WOMAN: Oh, dear, I made a list on my ankle of all the things the cook said she wanted. Then I forgot and put on my heavy stockings.

Tracy Hammond Lewis.



"HERE, CADDY! TAKE MY WATCH AND STEP BACK A FEW YARDS.  
THE DAMNED TICKING PUTS ME OFF MY GAME."



*Guide (as they sight a bear): HE'S A THOUSAND FEET AWAY.  
SET YOUR SIGHTS FOR THAT DISTANCE.*

*Hunter: HOW FAR AWAY IS THAT TREE?*

## Birthdays

**B**IRTHDAYS are like the measles—everybody has to have them. The first birthday is usually a howling success. The others obey the law of diminishing happy returns.

Birthdays are celebrated with parties, when we are children, and with cases of Scotch when we are grown up. It is always chivalrous to remember a woman's birthday and to forget her age—if you can do it.

Birthdays are also celebrated with birthday cards explaining that the older you grow the dearer you are, which is, of course, so; and with blow-outs of candles, which are innocent enough.

To insure the maximum of enjoyment, birthdays should not be had more than once a year.

The number of birthdays allotted to individuals varies, according to life insurance companies, which have gone into the matter rather extensively. Their mortality tables are the last word in birthday data and should be consulted by all people who live in the expectation of an estate.

The most interesting birthdays are the first (see above), the sweet sixteenth and the eighteenth (for girls), and the twenty-first. The sweet sixteenth is so named to suggest that the person celebrating has never been kissed, but you can use your own judgment. The eighteenth is the birthday that marks a young lady's freedom to marry with or

without her parents' consent, if the golden opportunity presents itself. In this connection, it may be remarked that all is not gold that glisters. The twenty-first is important for various reasons. It marks the formal termination of a fictitious parental authority, and is marked by the presentation of an expensive present from the ousted parents. It also means that a boy or girl is fit to get along without a guardian, which is often far from the truth; and on this day a man becomes legally responsible for what he does. A woman's responsibility is indefinitely postponed.

The first hundred birthdays are the happiest—try and get them.

*Edmund J. Kiefer.*



PARTY OF THE FIRST PART

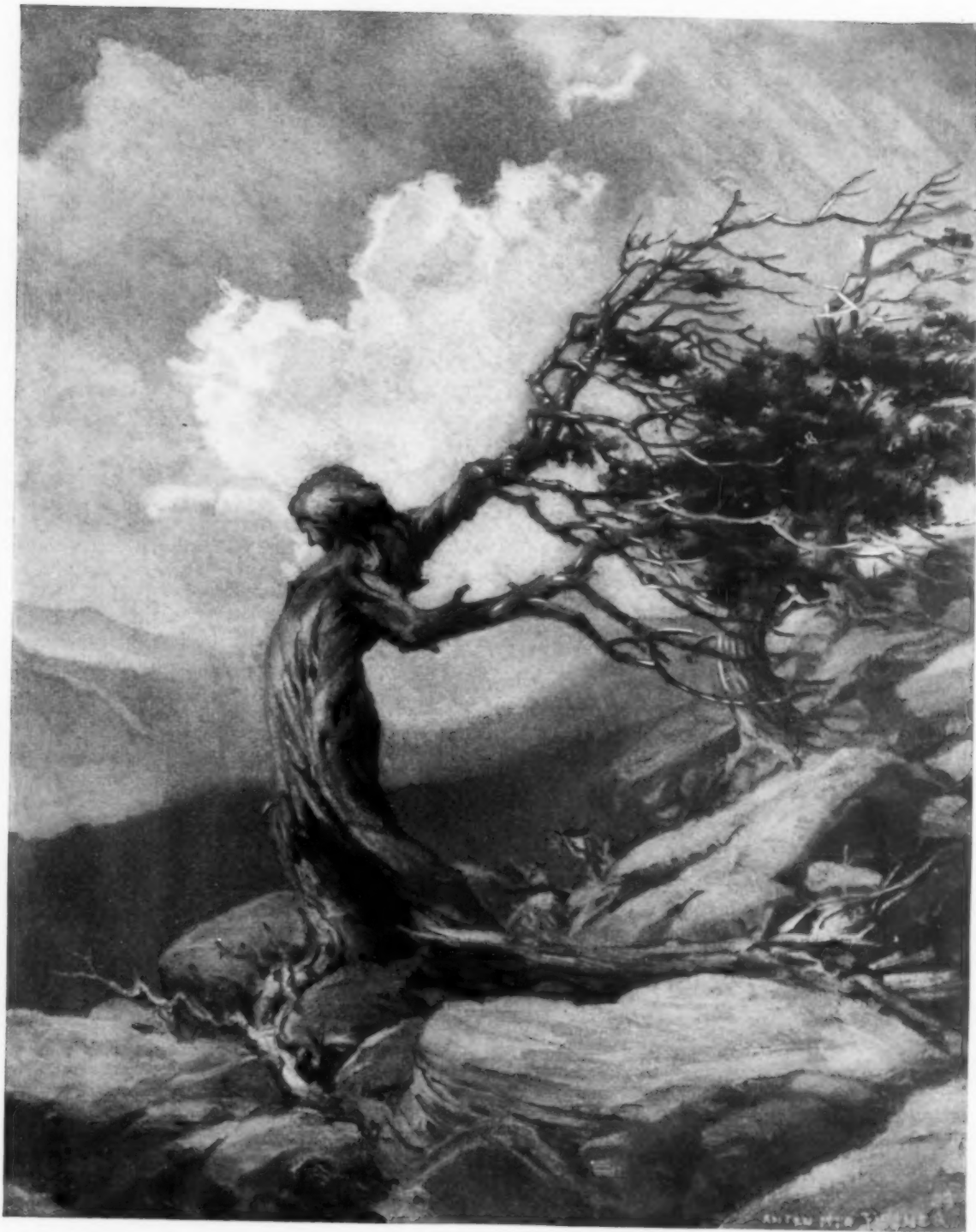
## Recurrent

**M**OTHER: You had a quarrel with Elizabeth?

MARJORIE: Yes, Mother.

"But why?"

"Oh, we both thought it was about time!"



VICTORY



## WINTER SPORTS

IF THERE WERE SUCH A THING AS KINDLING CUTTER CHAMPION, MR. BOGGS WOULD BE IT. IN A TWO-HOUR SESSION HE HAS SUCCEEDED IN CUTTING THE MINIMUM AMOUNT REQUIRED TO IGNITE THE COAL WHEN BUILDING A NEW FIRE IN THE FURNACE, A FEAT ABSOLUTELY UNPRECEDENTED IN THE HISTORY OF THIS SPORT. MR. BOGGS IS HEAD STATISTICIAN OF A FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, AND RECENTLY CITED STATISTICS TO SHOW THAT NINETY PER CENT. OF ALL FIRES ARE CAUSED BY THE DROPPING OF SMOLDERING CIGARETTES ONTO THE CONCRETE FLOORS OF FACTORIES.

## Down with the Chinese Invasion!

EAST Wind, West Wind,  
Winds of no direction,  
North Wind, South Wind—  
Quite a large selection.  
Mah Jong's crazy,  
Pung Chow's worse,  
Both fool names  
For a Chinese curse.

Red Dragon, White Dragon,  
Build the Chinese Wall.  
Sooner or later  
The Bug gets 'em all.  
Sis says it's "subtle,"  
Father says it's "fine,"  
And even dear Mother  
Calls it "divine."

Pick up a Sparrow from the bottom of  
the Sea,  
You get the bamboo, the drinks are  
on me;  
I suffer in silence this pother and  
pidge,  
The while my heart yearns for a good  
game of Bridge!  
Down with the Chinese invasion!

D. W. G.

## Newspaper Niobes

VISITOR: I can't understand why  
all of the typewriters in this room  
are so rusty.

EDITOR: This is the room where our  
lady reporters write their sob stuff.

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

February  
21st

Up betimes, and out to walk across the town, and on Madison Avenue I did behold a load of hay, a strange sight indeed. Whereupon I made a wish as in my childhood days and looked about me for a white horse, but Lord! that were even stranger a thing to encounter, so I gave up at once....To luncheon at a publick with B. Russell of Boston, and she tells me how she hath solved the servant problem by setting up an old ladies' home, one of her maids being almost an octogenarian and too feeble to bear trays aloft save in the house elevator. But that, methinks, is no solution, nor will there be a flawless one, neither, unless we do get a race of Robots.... Samuel home early this day, all a-

twitter to try out the new gin which he did finally bring himself to concoct. So he mixed up a drink, but the taste thereof was so vile that I was at some pains to retain my physical composure after the first sip. And upon my demand for the formula and a glimpse of the ingredients, it came out that the chemist had sold him glycerine mixed with rose water and the zany had not marked it.

February  
22nd

The birthday of George Washington, on which I do always undergo a certain sinking of the stomach born of remembering the sick excitement which prevailed among the players before the big annual basketball game at Smith

College. I thought, too, of the long list of Washingtonian precepts which I learned years ago, only one of which remains with me now—Never gaze about while drinking....Stopped at home all this day, meditating the error of my ways, and resolving to assemble the loose ends of my existence, a difficult business, and the only beginning I could make was to get out the towels I began to embroider six years ago. When I did speak of my good intentions to Sam, he vouchsafed his willingness to lead a more godly and righteous life but not a more sober one. And suddenly, whilst reading in The American Mercury, he let out a shout that editorial justice would at last be done  
(Continued on page 32)

## Diplomacy

A FEW of the nations of the earth, either because of their musty traditions or their failure to keep step with progress, still seem to hold to the farcical opinion that a diplomat should be a diplomat. Despite all that the United States has done to eradicate it, foreign nations cling tenaciously to the idea.

Yes. The idea! Is there any valid reason why a diplomat should be a diplomat?

Here we do things differently. A man doesn't have to be a diplomat to be appointed to the diplomatic service; however, the requirements are far more severe than those in vogue abroad.

In the first place, an applicant for such a position must start, years in advance, to advertise the fact that he is open to offers. Then he must settle in Washington and wait until his friends get into the saddle. After that all is simple, depending to a certain extent, of course, upon what Messrs. Dun and Bradstreet say about him.

At length he sails for his post to fulfill his duties, which consist entirely of keeping on hand in his cellar a sufficient supply for the parched throats of his visiting fellow Democrats or Republicans, as the case may be.

*Robert Hage.*

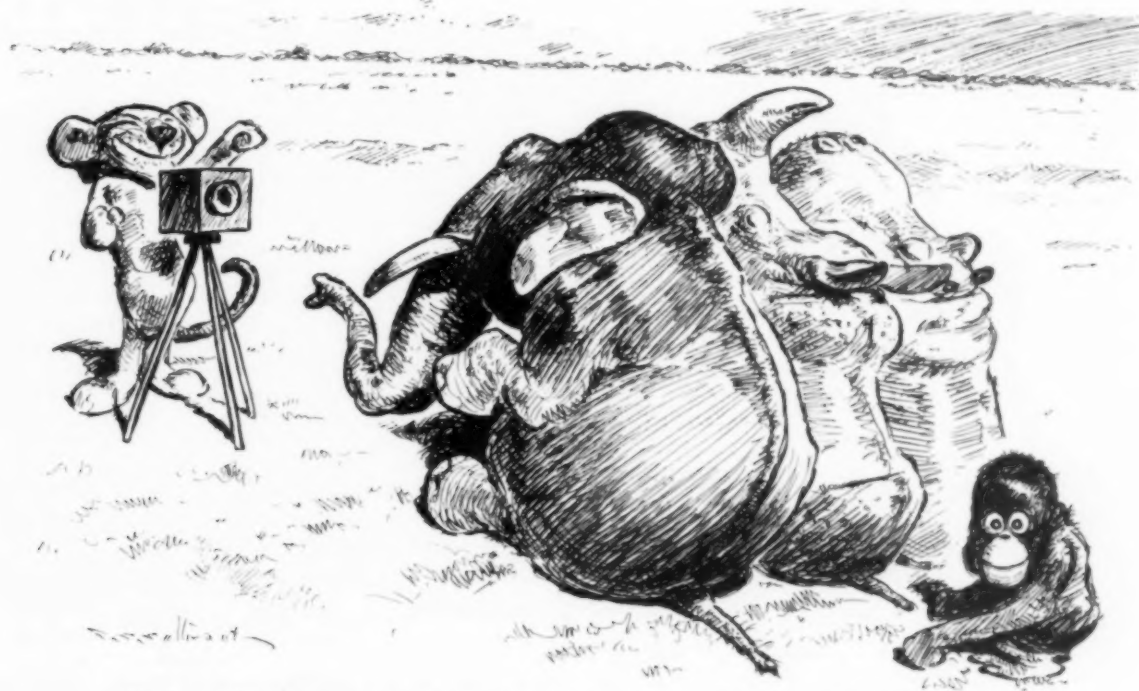
## Omnia Vincit

THE newly empowered Labor Party in England will probably insist on calling the British flag "The Union Jack of All Trades."



"YES, MA'AM! I STARTED OUT TO BE THE OLDEST INHABITANT IN THIS TOWN BUT I GAVE IT UP YEARS AGO—FOUND IT TOOK TOO DANGED LONG."

THE movie took the family out of the home: the radio put it back: what next?



Monk: WON'T MOTHER BE PLEASED WHEN SHE SEES MY PICTURE IN SUCH DISTINGUISHED COMPANY!



FEBRUARY 28, 1924

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

VOL. 83. 2156

Published by  
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President

LE ROY MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

598 Madison Avenue, New York  
English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.

**H**OW much is Mr. McAdoo damaged as a candidate?

The *World* thinks he is out of it.

Possibly. But let us see. Mr. McAdoo has done nothing wrong that anybody knows of. It is not the policy of our government to pay cabinet officers comfortable salaries. Their jobs are expensive. Their pay is pretty meagre. In spite of his active labors for the tubes, in which he incurred the dislike of Wall Street, Mr. McAdoo never acquired much money. He seems to have been a poor man when he went into Mr. Wilson's Cabinet, and it was understood that he came out very much in debt. After handling thirty or forty billion dollars it became necessary that he should do something for a living, so he came to New York, made a partnership with Mr. Cotton and practiced law. His labors as Secretary of the Treasury had advertised him, and his services were in request, so he made some money, and in the course of a year or two one heard that he had gotten even with the world again.

One of his clients was Mr. Doheny, the most remarkable oil transactor since Morgiana soused the Forty Thieves. Mr. Doheny was good pay. It is not suggested even by the most fervent partisan that any of Mr. McAdoo's services to him were tainted with impropriety. When Mr. McAdoo went to California Mr. Doheny continued to be his client because Mr. Doheny had oil interests in Mexico about which he wanted Mr. McAdoo's help, so when the scandal came, there was Mr. McAdoo along with others on Mr. Doheny's pay roll.

It was hard luck, of course. It has damaged Mr. McAdoo as a candidate.

He has done nothing wrong, nothing even improper, but people say that the folks in the West where Mr. McAdoo's political strength lies can never be made to believe that any lawyer can earn \$25,000 a year from any client by lawful work.

Perhaps they can't. But to omit Mr. McAdoo from the list of Democratic candidates will leave a pretty serious hole. Mr. Coolidge at this writing is still the leading Republican candidate in spite of the tariff, the League of Nations, and all the scandals, some of them so shocking, of the administration that he inherited. Mr. Coolidge is a conservative. People who have large property interests are persuaded that the Government would be safe in his hands. Industries favored by the tariff will work and vote for him. People concerned for fear that we will do something to help Europe are not entirely at ease about him, but they will think that he is a great deal safer even on that issue than any Democrat.



**I**F Mr. Coolidge is renominated in June, it will be desirable for the Democrats to put up some one who is a contrast to him, who is not indeed a peril to the business interests of the country, but who is not so committed to concerns about property as not to feel some fervor about people. Mr. McAdoo presents a satisfactory contrast to Mr. Coolidge. He would stand for a reduction of the tariff, for all the tax reduction that Mr. Coolidge stands for and for all the economies except the bonus. The exception is a serious one. Nevertheless, if he is nominated against Mr. Coolidge, there will be a satisfac-

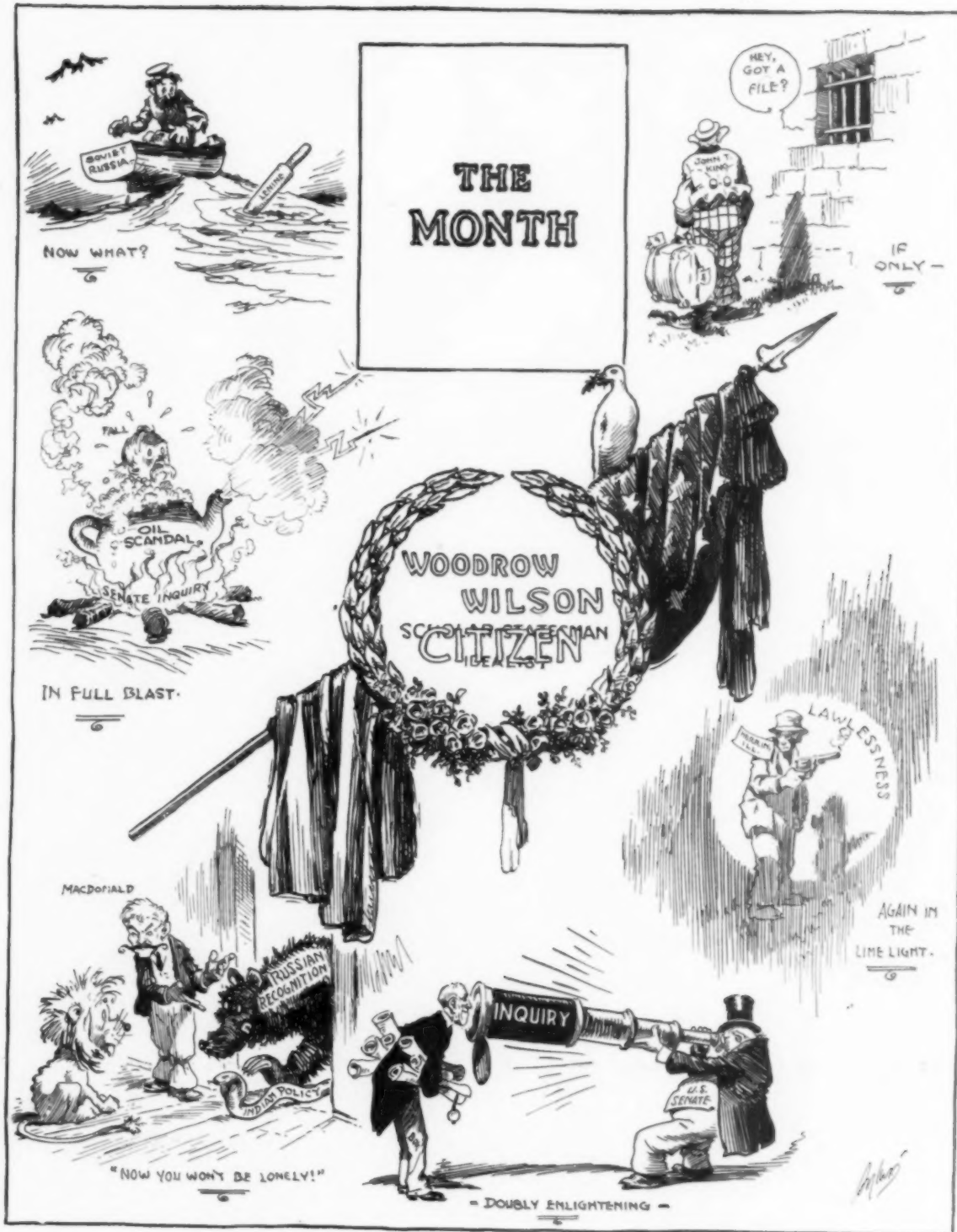
tory contrast. If the conclusion is that he is not available, whom else have the Democrats got that is as good?

That seems to be a question that the Democratic managers are now considering. It is quite difficult. They won't have to make up their minds until after the Republican Convention, because if some one else than Mr. Coolidge is nominated that will change the situation. But meanwhile they will take considerable thought about what to do next.



The French Bureau of Information in the United States does not think well of having people here contribute to the relief of underfed or starving children in Germany. The French Bureau says: Let the Germans feed them! They have plenty of money in the United States, and at present large stocks of food in Germany. In France and Belgium, says the Bureau, the German cry for help is looked upon as a propaganda manoeuvre, "and it is only natural that the Governments of France and Belgium should have finally refused to allow priority over their reparations claims, to a loan of \$70,000,000 to be put for such a purpose on the American market."

If France and Belgium, both of whom have had some experience of American relief, have blocked the loan of \$70,000,000 to provide means to the German Government, that ought to be a sufficient protest against outside aid to feed the German children. The position of the Bureau that it is better that the children should starve than be supplied except by Germans will not excite much enthusiasm here. That German profiteers and iron masters would let German children starve is not at all incredible, but what does France or Belgium or the French Bureau of Information know about the United States that makes them think that Americans are going to make nice distinction between starving children that have a government that theoretically has power and means to feed them, and those that have not? Something was done in Russia that was not actuated by any liking for the Russian Government, and something may be done in Germany of the same sort. There is no politics in a hungry child.  
E. S. Martin.





LIFE: Cheer up, Uncle! Side



le! Aside from that you're all right.



### Thinking It Over

ALONG about February each year, the managers experience a lucid interval and stop producing plays for a few minutes. This not only saves money for them, but also gives us playboys of the press a chance to straighten our ties and look about. On our first free evening we go to the theatre, revisiting some performance to see how wrong we were in our first impressions. The average margin of error is about seventy per cent.

Of course, the fault is not entirely with our initial judgment. On an opening night, when we see the play, the actors are usually too nervous to be bad. We may see Louis Writney play the *District Attorney* at the première and remark on the repression and subtle nuances of his performance, only to drop in a few months later and find him steaming along under the influence of familiarity and boredom with the part, mugging all over the place, gasping between lines, and in general playing with the detached abandon of the straight-man in a vaudeville team who fixes his eyes on the last row in the balcony and says very rapidly to the comic: "Do you mean to stand there and tell me that you don't know the meaning of the word 'judicious'?"

Readers of this department who see a play one month or more after it has opened are often seeing a different performance from the one reviewed in these columns. This is our only alibi.



THERE is one show in town that will stand repeated viewings. We have seen parts of it five times, and are not through yet. We refer to the *Charlot Revue* from London and are willing to face the firing-squad if this be treason. The particular features which we try not to miss are (1) Beatrice Lillie's singing of "There's Life in the Old Girl Yet" and "March with Me" (regretting each time the substitution in the latter's lyric of the name "Mah Jong" as a sop to American laughers); (2) any number at all in which Gertrude Lawrence takes part; (3) Jack Buchanan's easy dinner-jacket singing and dancing in a song number entitled "Sentiment," the lyric for which, written by Noel Coward, makes the lyrics in our native shows sound like comic valentines. And, although not featured, Herbert Mundin is skilful and funny enough to carry an ordinary revue by himself.

We would recommend that Messrs. Ziegfeld, Berlin, Anderson, and Shubert drop in with us the next half-dozen times we visit the *Charlot* show and see what can be done with a minimum of scenery, a moderate amount

of intelligence, and what we in the Business World call "team-work."



AFTER seeing Walter Hampden's production of "Cyrano" for the third time, we are willing to go on record as saying that we consider it the most continuously thrilling play we have ever seen. It contains at least eight terrific kicks, any one of which would be enough to make an ordinary play memorable. As an advocate of the simple, everyday "Jane Clegg" school of drama, we must admit that here, for all its artificial sword-swinging and gadzooksing, is the theatre at its best—as theatre.

Much of the thrill of the present production lies in Brian Hooker's simple and poignantly dramatic translation. At such lines as "I have missed everything, even my death," this sophisticated cynic has three times now collapsed entirely and arisen quivering at the end of the play, vowing to be a better boy and bring more Beauty into the world.



ONE of the severest tests that a romantic play ever has put to is weathered by "Cyrano" with flying colors. All during the matinee performances the entire block outside on Forty-first Street is under fire from the batteries of some despicable subway-construction company. Blasting explosions, earthquakes, dump-carts crashing out loads of steel girders, and several brands of totally unnecessary thunderings vie with the more delicate passages of the text and, so far as we are concerned, come out a very bad second. If we were ever to hear the play through undisturbed, we should quite probably never survive.



THE Equity Players seem to have another Pretty Good one on their hands. There is nothing in particular wrong with "The New Englander" except that there is nothing in particular good about it. It has had everything done for it in the way of production, and yet the necessary quality is lacking which makes you remember on Wednesday a play that you saw on Monday. Perhaps it is that our New England training so accustomed us to white-haired mothers sending their sons to jail as a lesson to them that the particular instance cited in the play has no dramatic value for us.

Robert C. Benchley.

# Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**Antony and Cleopatra.** *Lyceum* — Jane Cowl back with Shakespeare.

**Cyrano de Bergerac.** *National* — Walter Hampden in just about as good as the theatre has to offer.

**Hell-Bent for Heaven.** *Frazee* — A fine new characterization in a continuously exciting play of the feudal South.

**Hurricane.** *Friele* — Petrova on the jolly old descent into Hell.

**In the Next Room.** *Vanderbilt* — Very agreeable murdering and attendant mystery.

**The Lady.** *Empire* — Mary Nash in a melodrama which proves that there's life in the old stuff yet.

**Laugh, Clown, Laugh!** *Belasco* — A good part for Lionel Barrymore in a play about our old friend the Clown with the Breaking Heart.

**The Living Mask.** *Forty-Fourth Street* — An insanity clinic, occasionally enlivened by some scenes of dramatic power.

**The Miracle.** *Century* — A spectacle of such magnitude and beauty that it must be seen to be believed.

**Mister Pitt.** *Thirty-Ninth St.* — The early '90's as a setting for Walter Huston's tremendously appealing rôle of the Man with Two Left Feet.

**The New Englander.** *Forty-Eighth St.* — Reviewed in this issue.

**Outward Bound.** *Ritz* — Approaching the Infinite in the smoking-room of a liner. The season's most distinctive play.

**Rain.** *Marine Elliott's* — Still neck-and-neck with the leader.

**Saint Joan.** *Garrick* — Winifred Lenihan in Shaw's stirring outline of the Maid's career and interpretation of her influence.

**Seventh Heaven.** *Booth* — Make-believe.

**Sun-Up.** *Princess* — How the war came to the backwoods, shown in an honestly moving little play.

**Tarnish.** *Belmont* — One of the year's best, illustrating the weakness of the flesh and the eagerness of the spirit.

**White Cargo.** *Daly's* — The struggle against dry rot on the west coast of Africa.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose.** *Republic* — Shall we join the ladies?

**Beggar on Horseback.** *Broadhurst* — To be reviewed next week.

**Fashion.** *Provincetown* — Highly amusing revival of an American comedy written in 1845 and staged in the manner of the period.

**For All of Us.** *Ambassador* — William Hodge. Very kindly.

**The Goose Hangs High.** *Bijou* — A new one on the Younger Generation and much better than most.

**Gypsy Jim.** *Forty-Ninth St.* — Leo Carrillo smilin' through.

**Meet the Wife.** *Klaw* — Considerable gasping by Mary Boland over the return of a husband supposed to be dead.

**The Merry Wives of Gotham.** *Henry Miller's* — Grace George and Laura Hope Crews lending grace and charm to a fairly thin comedy of Irish N'Yawk.

**The Nervous Wreck.** *Sam H. Harris* — Biff-bang farce, with Otto Kruger and June Walker, which is keeping countless people in gales of laughter.

**New Toys.** *Fulton* — To be reviewed later.

**The Other Rose.** *Morocco* — Fay Bainter and Henry Hull in a little pleasantry.

**The Potters.** *Plymouth* — A faithful and delightful outline of the home-troubles of the genuine American goof.

**The Show-Off.** *Playhouse* — The newest and best of the comedies of everyday life, containing a marvelous type creation by Louis John Bartels as the Personality-Plus Boy.

**The Song and Dance Man.** *Hudson* —

George M. Cohan giving a beautiful performance in a pretty good play.

**Spring Cleaning.** *Eltinge* — Excellent dirt, dished by a superior cast.

**The Swan.** *Cort* — Eva Le Gallienne in a delightful comedy of royalty at home.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Artists and Models.** *Shubert* — Street-corner stuff.

**Charlot's Revue.** *Times Square* — English stars in the most intelligent revue in town.

**Kid Boots.** *Earl Carroll* — A big show, with Eddie Cantor at his best.

**Little Jessie James.** *Little* — Where "I Love You" grows.

**Lollipop.** *Knickerbocker* — A da Ma y (Weeks) and some dancing.

**Mary Jane McKane.** *Imperial* — Mary Hay and Hal Skelly. Very nice indeed.

**Moonlight.** *Longacre* — Lots of tunes.

**Mr. Battling Buttler.** *Selwyn* — Fair.

**Music Box Revue.** *Music Box* — Lots of scenery and music, and Dr. Frank Tinney.

**Poppy.** *Apollo* — Madge Kennedy, W. C. Fields and Luella Gear making it one of the season's best.

**The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly.** *Liberty* — Last few weeks of this Cohan dancing show.

**Runnin' Wild.** *Colonial* — Negro revue de luxe.

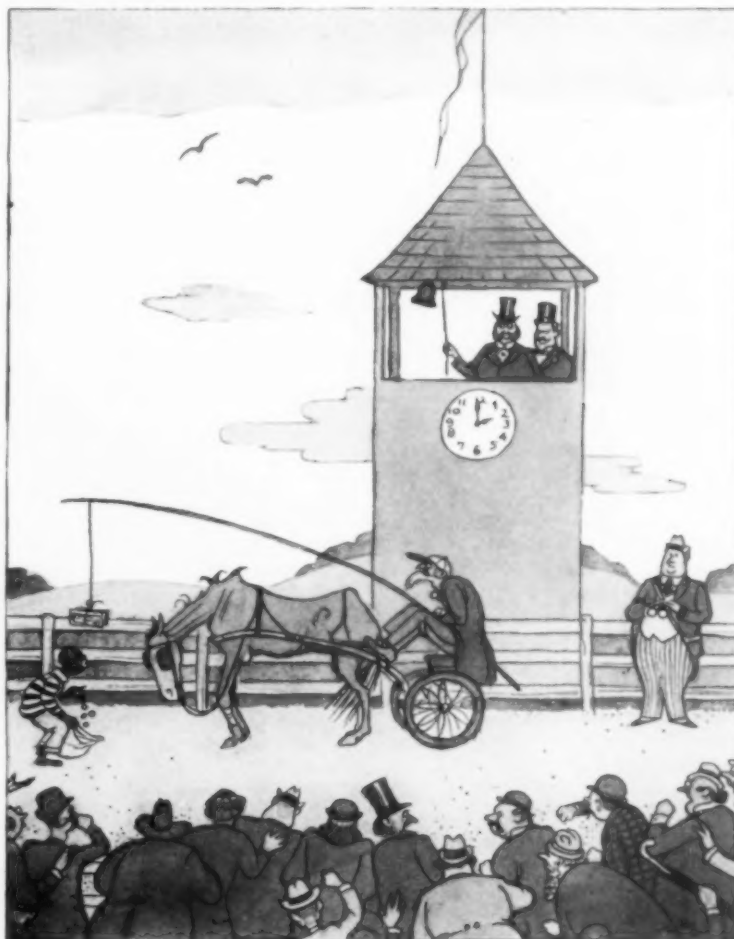
**Stepping Stones.** *Globe* — A dancing triumph by Fred Stone and young Miss Stone.

**Sweet Little Devil.** *Central* — Constance Binney nice in a pretty thin show.

**Topics of 1923.** *Winter Garden* — Delysia in a better revue than you would think.

**Wildflower.** *Casino* — No music to touch it in over a year.

**Ziegfeld Follies.** *New Amsterdam* — You can count on Fannie Brice and several others.



THE SKEPTICS' SOCIETY

THEY TEST THE THEORY THAT "MONEY MAKES THE MARE GO."



### Mr. Bok's Peace Plan and LIFE'S War Plan

By Don Herold

**M**R. BOK is essentially a "plan" man. I am not. I did not enter his peace plan contest because I am, as a rule, bitterly opposed to plans of any sort.

Mr. Bok has made plans all his life. As an editor, he planned, planned, planned. He was always getting fifty thousand people to do this or that. He frequently destroyed thought on some subject or other by getting twenty-five of the most prominent these or those into a symposium to tell what they thought about it.

His life itself has been a plan. When he was about two years old he decided he would be editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* when he grew up and that it would have a circulation of one million on a certain date. So as soon as he was big enough to wield a towel he helped his mother wipe the dinner dishes, and he polished up the dishes so carefully that in time he did become editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* and it did have a million circulation, just as he planned.

Perhaps plans are not always as bad as I imagine. Certainly Mr. Bok has been successful in a way, and the sum total of his existence may be of benefit to humanity, though there is still time for his planning to do a great deal of harm.

Personally I am frightened that his peace plan will set the cause of peace back a century or two. So much planning for peace makes peace look

like a fearfully complex proposition and it may be that we shall never have the heart to put through anything as difficult and complex as peace (as Mr. Bok has unconsciously pictured peace).

Isn't it true that in our own personal moral affairs the more plans we make, the less we accomplish? The only way to quit any bad habit is to quit it. There is nothing that a bad habit enjoys

more than to have somebody spend a lot of time making elaborate plans for quitting it.

So, paradoxically, I am enthusiastic about LIFE's Contest for Bigger and Better Wars. How can we quit having such mild, you might say unnoticeable, puny little wars? That last war we had with Germany, if you recall it, that World War which was mentioned so highly in the papers at the time, was a mere drop in the bucket to what wars ought to be. Let us make our next war a whopper. *Let's plan it!* In fact, let us plan it deeply and endlessly. Let us make it look as complex as Mr. Bok has helped make peace appear. Let us make it seem so difficult that a majority of folks will get to thinking it is quite impossible. Everybody must be set to having ideas about the next war and pretty soon the matter will seem intricate. Then there may even arise skeptics who will say: "Oh, we can never hope to have a war worthy of us. Peace is just naturally a part of human nature. We can never expect the lazy human race to get together and summon itself to anything so involved and so noble as a really fine, ripping, universal war."



*The Comedian:* KEEP YA PAWS OFF THAT PEANUT! I'M GETTIN' THE LAUGHS HERE.



"MOTHER SAID I COULD STAY UP AS MUCH LATER AS I HAD A NAP LONG."

### With Reservations

THESE I loved in other years:  
Ladies fair and books well writ;  
Flagons of the stuff that cheers,  
Friends and subtle turns of wit;  
Loved and cherished them so well,  
Naught of doing there's to tell.

Those I wooed and those I lost  
Banished ennui from my days.  
Every brimming cup I tossed,  
"Bottoms up!" and soul ablaze;  
Reading and my witty friends  
Helped defeat ambition's ends.

Then another year to morn  
Clear and challenging was come.  
Braver impulses were born—  
Some, I own, a trifle glum—  
Bidding me have done with vice,  
And I will...unless it's nice.

James K. McGuinness.

### A Dual Rôle

SHE: So you're a gentleman farmer?  
HE: Yes indeed.  
"Which is harder?"



### CREDIT WHERE CREDIT'S DUE

Doctor: YOUNG MAN, YOU OWE YOUR VERY REMARKABLE  
RECOVERY TO YOUR WIFE'S TENDER CARE.  
"IT'S KIND OF YOU TO TELL ME, DOC. I SHALL MAKE OUT THE  
CHECK TO MY WIFE."

## · LIFE ·

### Broadcastings

By Montague Glass

MR. HARRY FRANCK seems to be a glutton for discomfort in travel. His latest book published by the Century Company tells of his misery in China and Manchuria, where, as in Spain, Mexico, Central and South America and the West Indies, he suffered acutely from blisters on his poor heel, lumbago, intercostal rheumatism, hunger, thirst, the venality of ignorant officials and particularly the lack of steam heat, hot and cold running water and other modern comforts of his native Michigan. All of Mr. Franck's books are to be heartily recommended as unfailing sources of consolation if you are tied down to a job and can't get away to enjoy foreign travel. They are calculated to make you feel lucky to have lost your mobility. Nevertheless, it is hardly fair to such countries as Mexico, Brazil and the Argentine Republic that we should see them through Mr. Franck's eye, which, to mix a metaphor, is jaundiced by sore feet and intercostal rheumatism. It may well be that one receives a more accurate impression of a country by traveling on foot over muddy roads, staying at country inns and eating the horrible messes of the poorest inhabitants, but I put it to you, as they say in the British law courts, that you wouldn't be able to tell much about New York if it were described to you by a man who lodged on Chatham Square, ate at Saint Andrew coffee stands and was constantly being obliged to explain his seedy appearance to desk sergeants in the downtown precinct station houses.

For example, Mr. Franck's book about Mexico dismissed Mexico City in a few brief contemptuous syllables. He said it was like the lower East Side of New York. Last year I arrived there in a Pullman from El Paso with a fair knowledge of the East Side, reasonably painless feet and no more in-

tercostal rheumatism than a three-days' railroad journey might induce; and in my opinion there is no part of Mexico City which remotely resembles the East Side. The Avenida Francesco I. Madero, formerly the street called San Francisco, looks like the Via Roma or Toledo in Naples. There are other parts of the city which remind you of

see the mural paintings of the Mexican modernists; if you enjoy the gardens of Coyoacan and San Angel, you could stay in Mexico City a year and not be bored. Nor in my biased opinion do the cultivated Mexicans suffer from not being Nordic or even pure Mediterranean. Three of them played a Mendelssohn trio in the Globo restaurant without exhibiting the

traits of venality, treachery and political ineptitude which Mr. Franck and the newspapers lead us to believe typical of Mexican half-breeds, and the cellist of this ensemble not only was half-Indian but, unless I miss my guess, the other half was Indian, too. My conclusion is, therefore, that you can't do justice to Mexico City as a writer unless your tastes are æsthetic and your feet anæsthetic. And this bars Mr. Franck.

SAMUEL BUTLER, in his "The Way of All Flesh," says that the rector of a certain church would have been as much surprised to see any of his parishioners not professing the principles of Christianity as he would have been shocked to find out that they practiced them. A friend of mine who was the organist of a London church says that one week-day he and the rector visited the church to decide upon some repairs which were to be made to the organ, and the rector suddenly discovered that an intruder had entered and was on his

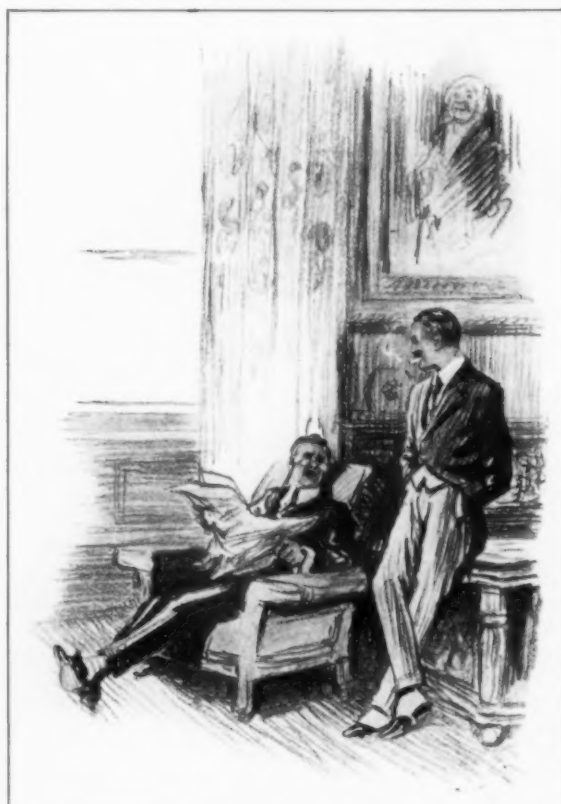
knees in a rear pew with his face buried in his hands in silent prayer.

The rector immediately went up to the disturber of the ecclesiastical peace and tapped him on the shoulder.

"I say!" he said sharply. "You can't do that sort of thing heah, you know. This is Tuesday."

IT was being explained to Mr. Henochstein that at the end of every

(Continued on page 31)



*Jinks:* ANYTHING NEW IN THE PAPER THIS EVENING?  
*Binks:* NO, THE SAME BROKEN TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Paris, or Rome, or even of Los Angeles, and unless you are a Harry Franck with little appreciation of beauty in music and architecture to begin with, and that little quite destroyed by painful feet, you will find enough to interest and amuse you superficially in Mexico City for at least a month. If, however, you are on the lookout for eighteenth century ironwork, marvelously wrought lanterns, and the metal decoration of doors; if you would

## Position Wanted

I AM an advertising man.

Or rather, I was.

I always called my customers "clients."

I knew the difference between "consumer appeals" and "court of appeals."

I referred to our office as "our shop."

I called my co-workers "the staff."

Specifically, I spoke of them as "contact men," "account executives," "visualizers," and "merchandising counsels."

And the organization as a whole I termed "the outfit."

I never said "All right" when I could say "O. K.," nor "I understand" when there was a chance for "Check!"

Whenever I gave a man any figures about advertising, I was careful to say I got them through "a trade survey" or "a market investigation."

I obeyed all the rules of "the advertising game," but this morning I slipped. The boss—I mean "chief"—heard me telling the office boy to tell a caller



THE STATISTICIAN PLACES THE YEAR'S OUTPUT OF CIGARETTES END TO END TO SEE HOW FAR THEY WILL REACH.

that I was "in a meeting" when I should have said "in conference."

So he fired me ("let me out").

And now I'd like to go to work.

A. C. M. A., Jr.

YOUNG MAN: So you're ninety-three years old! And what, may I ask, is your philosophy of life?

OLD MAN: Keep on living.

## Strange!

MARY had a little play  
Of simple homey folk;  
A laugh, a tear, an aching throat,  
A dry bucolic joke.  
The critic damned the simple play  
And wrote his own. My dears—  
The critic's play ran seven nights,  
And Mary's ran two years.

J. L. V.



"SAY 'PLEASE, GOD, MAKE ME A GOOD GIRL.'"

"NO, MAMMA. I AM GOOD. DEAR GOD, PLEASE MAKE *sister* A GOOD GIRL."

## · LIFE ·



*The Professor: NATURE PROVIDES HER CHILDREN  
WITH PROTECTIVE COLORING.  
"SHE CERTAINLY IS GOOD TO THE GIRLS."*

### \$ Incentives \$ to \$ Success \$

THE query, "Why don't students study?" always puzzled us up to last night, when in the privacy of our problem-solving foundry we hit upon both an answer to the question and a solution of the difficulty.

The answer is so obvious, we wonder why no one has ever thought of it before. *Students do not study because they are not paid!* Or, if paid, they receive wages so inadequate as to be insulting. A red apple, a tin-foil star, a "good" ticket, a solemn volume of the Rollo books—what brainful child wants to work his head off for one of these?

Recognizing that scholars are the most ridiculously compensated workmen in the world, we should find the remedy for the situation absurdly simple:

Let us pay the students for their work—pay 'em honest-to-goodness wages! Instead of handing 'em piffling percentages or airy alphabetical honoraria, let us hand out hard, cold cash!

In a paying institution, examples given for home-work should be price-ticketed thus:

1.  $\left[ \begin{array}{l} X - Y = 3 \\ 3X - 5Y = 8 \end{array} \right]$  (\$ 1.00)
2.  $X^2 - X - 6 = 0$  (\$ .50)
3.  $\left[ \begin{array}{l} \frac{X^2 - 3 - Y}{2} = 1\frac{1}{2} - Y \\ \frac{X - Y}{3X^2 + 4XY + Y^2} = 7 \end{array} \right]$  (\$10.00)

Then watch the boys work out that ten-dollar puzzler!

In the more advanced institutions students of Greek and differential calculus would become positively multitudinous, if compensated for their researches with a liberal salary, a bonus at Christmas, and time and a half for overtime.

We tax for arms—why not for brains?

The government ought to look into this matter—should raise by taxation a monster wage fund to make the rising generation in America the most brilliant in the history of the world.

Who shall pay the tax?

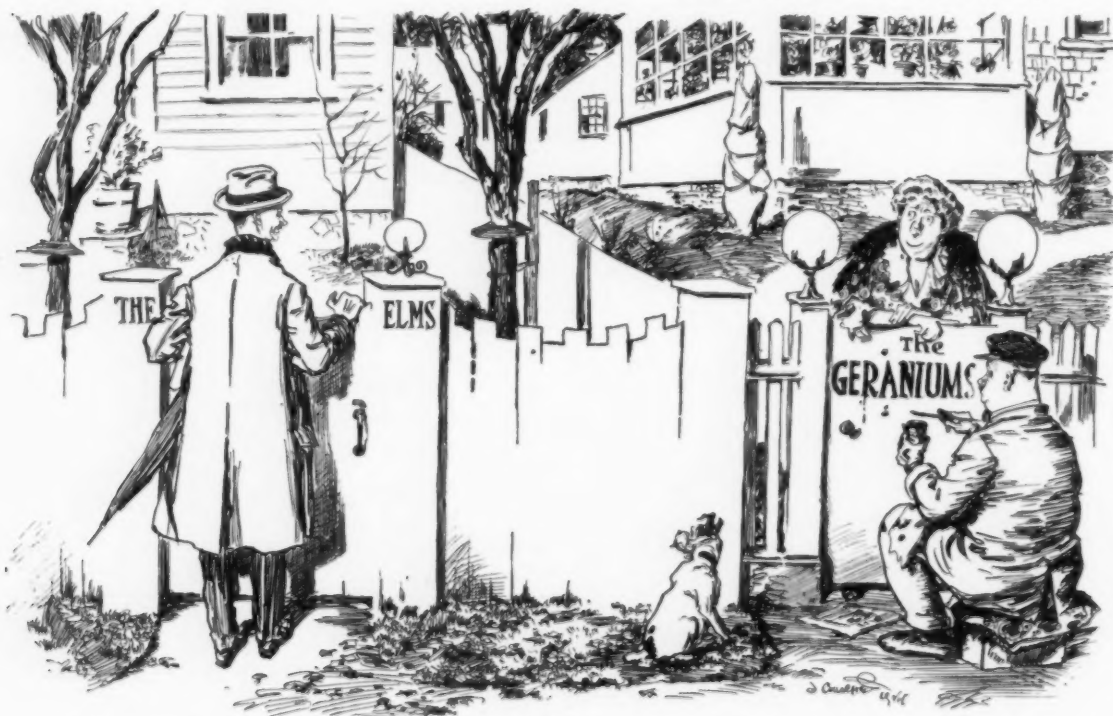
The self-made men, of course!

Cyril B. Egan.

### More Appreciable

"SO you enjoy winter more than summer?"

"Yes, indeed. It takes money to enjoy winter."



"DON'T PAY NO ATTENTION TO THE NASTY, SNEERING LITTLE SNIPE, HENRY! IT'S THREE TIMES AS BIG A WORD AS HIS ANYWAY."



(Farrell)

SCENTS AND SENSIBILITY



### "The Extra Girl"

IF there is such a thing as an endurance championship for movie stars, the trophy for that event is held in a death-grip by Mabel Normand. Her staying powers are little short of incredible.

Miss Normand can survive unpleasant publicity—of which she has had her share; more than that, she can actually survive bad pictures. While other favorites are singed and withered in the gruelling scandal light, while their reputations are destroyed by weak stories or stupid direction, Miss Normand goes on. Front page and flop have no terrors for her.

"The Extra Girl" is just about the lowest point in a series of Mabel Normand pictures that has, at best, been none too high. It is a feeble imitation of "Hollywood," "Merton of the Movies" and others of that satirical school; its plot is spineless and its humor labored.

Nevertheless, for all its weakness, it serves to demonstrate the unalterable fact that Miss Normand is still the first comedienne of the screen. They can ostracize her in Kansas and view her with alarm; they can submerge her in a vat of righteous indignation. But they can't seem to suppress her enormous talent.

### "Name the Man"

THE brain pan of the average movie producer may be measured by his attitude toward literature: he believes that Sir Hall Caine is a "world-famous author" and that, therefore, all of Hall Caine's works are "immortal classics."

Perhaps this concept is based on Sir Hall's strange physical resemblance to William Shakespeare. This likeness is a little misleading. It is true that Hall Caine has achieved an accurate reproduction of the Bard's beard and that he consults the most antiquated sources for his plots; but there the similarity ends.

The latest of Hall Caine's classics to reach the screen is "Name the Man," which would be an excellent picture were it not for the fact that Hall Caine wrote the story. It is

an ancient idea, containing all the stock situations, including the propulsion of the wayward daughter out into the night.

"Name the Man" was directed by Victor Seastrom, and, thanks to him, it is filled with great pictorial vigor. Mr. Seastrom has taken the ancient Hall Caine hokumobile, has oiled its creaky axles and has put new life into the old chassis. The fact that it moves at all is due entirely to his expert tinkering.

Conrad Nagel and Mae Busch render stalwart assistance to Mr. Seastrom in his efforts to make the audience forget about the story.

### "Sporting Youth"

THE logical successor to Wallace Reid has been discovered in the person of Reginald Denny: he is tall, he is handsome, he can use his fists with convincing skill, and he can drive a racing car at a terrific rate of speed.

Indeed, speed is the principal feature of Mr. Denny's latest picture, "Sporting Youth." It starts on the run, and it finishes at approximately a hundred and fifteen miles an hour. There is never a moment of rest. The story, with Mr. Denny at the wheel, travels around the seven-reel track with no regard for bumps or blow-outs.

There are a few laughs in "Sporting Youth," and a great many thrills. There are also a few defects, but you will hardly notice these. You won't have time.

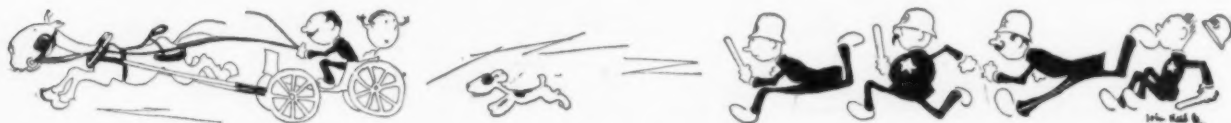
### More Work for the Undertaker

WHEN I saw the first of the "Chronicles of America," produced by Yale University, I ventured to hope that this series would be a notable contribution to the screen. Unfortunately, I was dealing with nebulous possibilities rather than with harsh facts.

"Christopher Columbus," which started the series, was good enough to inspire an attitude of optimism toward its successors. Now the other little chronicles have come trooping out from New Haven, and it seems that each is just the least bit worse than the others.

Those Yale boys had better stick to football.

Robert E. Sherwood.





# LES POUDRES DE COTY

*Though one's feet be tuned to the latest  
syncopation, or one's soul with the  
infinite, there is a shade of COTY  
Face Powder to intensify each type—  
from vivid to classic—from fairest blonde  
to deepest brunette,—and a lasting  
fragrance that completes the enchantment*



"THE ART OF USING POWDER"  
a guide to the accentuation of  
fascinating types—sent on request

**COTY** INC.

714 Fifth Avenue, New York  
CANADA—55 McGill College Ave., Montreal





## AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Hyuh! Hyuh!

"Well, Mr. Interlocutor"—G. B. H. is describing the annual minstrel show of the Society for Psychical Research, Sir Oliver Lodge is asking Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—"what waterway is named for the lowest class of spooks?"

"Why—the Eerie Canaille."  
—*New York World.*

Quite Possibly

They arrested a man in Brooklyn who was walking a street crying, "Europe, Europe, Europe!" By that he may have meant "Help!"—*Detroit News.*

"Well, baby," said the new father, as he started to lay the infant down, "which bed had you rather cry on?"  
—*Texas Ranger.*

SHE (*pensively*): It's stupid of me to love Jack as much as I do—I could be so fond of Henry!—*Sans-Gêne (Paris).*



Club Bore: WERE YOU HERE WHEN I TOLD MY YARN ABOUT THE BOTTLE-NOSED SHARK?

Sufferer: I WAS.

Club Bore: YOU REMEMBER THE SEQUEL?

Sufferer: I DO. I LOST MY TRAIN.  
—*Reproduced from Punch (London)*  
by arrangement with the Proprietors.

## The Sputifier

A Southern Negro minister who was given to the use of big words and complicated discourse was waited upon by the church committee and told that his style of preaching was not all that could be desired.

"Don't I argify and sputify?" inquired the minister.

"Yes, yo' done argify and sputify," responded a member of the committee, "but yo' don't show wherein."

—*Boston Transcript.*

## A Thought for To-day

DICK: Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow you die.

TOM: You're mistaken, old man. You just feel like it.

—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

## Tristia

It was remarked that he had been away. "Yes," he said, with a note of gentle resignation in his voice, "my wife took me on her honeymoon."

—*London Daily Express.*

"Here's your pay—for loafing eight hours."

"Excuse me—nine hours."

—*Meggendorfer Blätter (Munich).*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

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The foreign trade supplied from LIFE's London Office, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C. Canadian distributor, The American News Company, Ltd., 386-388 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

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"His Sense of Humor  
Saved the Situation, and  
He Smiled in Reply."

He had read

# Life

regularly and cultivated this faculty of seeing the funny side, the absurdity apparent in so many a trying incident, and his upward progress had been rapid. *He was a coming man.* For real progress, breadth of vision, wide grasp of current affairs, read LIFE, cultivate your sense of humor, and help yourself to *grow mentally.* Try it for a year, or try our

## Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40).  
Send LIFE for the next ten weeks to

LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York

One Year \$5

Canadian \$5.80

Foreign \$6.00

119



"MOVE OVER, WILL YOU? DO YOU THINK YOU OWN THE SUBWAY?"

Mr. Richquick: NOT YET! NOT YET!

# Are you a micawber?

**M**EET an old friend—Mr. Wilkins Micawber! First introduced to you by Charles Dickens in "David Copperfield". Always procrastinating, always out of money, always "waiting for something to turn up". And yet such a good fellow in so many ways—devoted to his home, a loyal friend, the genial apostle of optimism.

Nevertheless your sympathy went out to his trusting, never-deserting wife and their five children. And today you have only to look about you in every city, town and village—in every office, shop or factory—to see how this little family has multiplied thousands and millions of times. You meet its descendents everywhere.

A micawber is the person who spends every penny as fast as it is made (or borrowed), who lives in expectation of unearned success, who fools only himself in putting up a front. A micawber is the person who hasn't a penny in the bank, a share in the building and loan association, an interest in any benefit fund or a dollar's worth of life insurance. A micawber is a person who hasn't saved a cent.

"He's a regular micawber!" Could anything else describe to the dot the hopelessly hopeful person who never arrives at success because he never starts?

He's a micawber who, in spite of his need and his common-sense, will have nothing to do with living on the definite basis of a family budget.

CHARLES DICKENS put the word, *micawber*, into the English language seventy-five years ago. Straight-thinking economists put the word, *budget*, into it eighty-eight years before that. There was no reason why Mr. Micawber could not have lived on a budget basis; but he didn't want to—micawbers never do.



"My other piece of advice, Copperfield, you know. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure, nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery."

Micawbers prefer to spend what they have and wait for "something to turn up". No limitations of a budget for them! Yet the strange part of it is this: It isn't a budget that holds your scale of living down; it's your income. Think that over. In fact, budgeting your expense is a real incentive to increase your income, as well as the best way to get the very most out of what you have now. It tells you just where your money is going, *before it goes instead of afterwards*. The difference between budgeting and accounting is that one looks ahead while the other looks back. Which way do you wish to look?

The minute you begin to run your expenses on a real business basis, on a budget basis, you see just what you are doing. You see exactly how to reduce

certain items in order to increase others that are more desirable. You begin to choose intelligently whether you would rather have one thing or another—for not one of us can have everything.

Get on a budget basis and you will step up and out of the micawber family—if you are a member of it now. You will stop waiting for "something to turn up". You will begin to go ahead. You will begin to get your share of the good things that only savings can buy, including your financial independence in the years to come.

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and women who have learned to save—true stories that sound like fairy tales. Even though you are at present following a budget plan of your own, we believe you will find our suggestions useful.

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HALEY FISKE, President.

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### The Jazz Lullaby

Some one told us once the story of an old mammy who, having taken her charges up to the nursery at sundown and tucked them in for the night, would then rock noisily, stamping with her great feet, slapping her knees and singing to them at the top of her considerable lungs. A puzzled passerby once pointed out that whereas her methods might serve admirably to wake the young ones in the morning it seemed an odd way to select for putting them to sleep.

"It's de best way," the old woman roared cheerfully. "You gotta tire 'em out. Dat's wat I say. Tire 'em out."

—New York Herald.

### Disinterested

NATIVE (echo has accompanied total stranger along country road): Maybe ye've come from Lunnon?

STRANGER: No.

NATIVE: Perhaps from the North of England?

STRANGER: No.

NATIVE: Maybe Scotland, then?

STRANGER: No.

NATIVE: D'ye think Oi cares a dom' where ye comes from?

—London Mail.

### Sunday Static

"How did you like my sermon Sunday?" asks the modern clergyman.

"I couldn't get you," replies the radio churchgoer.

"Too much theology?" asks the minister.

"No," replies the radio lost sheep; "too much interference."

—New York Sun and Globe.

### Incited to Crime

MAGISTRATE (to incorrigible miscreant): With eighty-seven previous convictions, you have a crime record dating back to 1857!

INCORRIGIBLE: Don't be too 'ard on me, guv'nor—it's them there cinema pictures wot caused my downfall!

—Passing Show (London).

### The Only Way

"Did he borrow any money of you?"

"Borrow! How can I tell unless he returns it?"—Boston Transcript.

"What's the by-word in this business?"

"Cash."—Wisconsin Octopus.



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**Pro-phy-lac-tic.**

AUTHOR'S FRIEND: Does he write for publication?

AUTHOR: Oh, no! Merely for circulation among editors.—Pearson's Weekly.

## Broadcastings

(Continued from page 22)

musical season the New York Gewandhaus Orchestra—that isn't its real name—was confronted by a big deficit, and Mr. Henochstein, who had attended the closing concert, said:

"I don't wonder in the least, because I don't know how much they pay the feller who has got charge of them operators, y' understand, but I can tell you right here and now, my friend, that in any business, if the foreman couldn't keep all of the hands busy, every minute of the time, what is it? Am I right or wrong? Take for example one of them fellers which he is operating such a big brass machine like it would be already a klaxon horn for an ocean liner, and I kept my eye on that man from start to finish, and if you will believe me, for pretty near an hour and a half, y' understand, that lowlife didn't do a stroke of work. He sits back there in his seat while the other hands is working their heads off, y' understand, and maybe once or at the outside *twice*, I seen the foreman give him a look, y' understand, and for just a minute or two, he gets busy and makes one or two sounds, but no sooner does the foreman have his attention called to something else than he sits right back and begins to take it easy again. And maybe you think them fellers which operated the harps didn't lay down on the job also? Although I will say that the foreman wasn't such a good feller with them harp fellers, y' understand. He anyhow looked at them every quarter of an hour or so and brought them to life, y' understand, but unless the parties who are such come-ons as to make up that deficiency don't go to work and hire somebody to jack up that foreman and see that he keeps the hands busy a hundred per cent. of the time, it would be already pouring money down a rat hole. The idea is to get the whole factory force interested, make 'em all work alike, and don't play no favorites. And then there won't be no deficiency."



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—Excelsior (Mexico).

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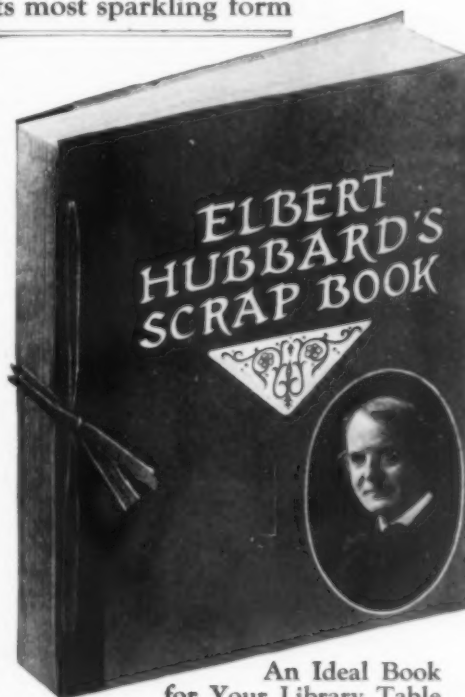
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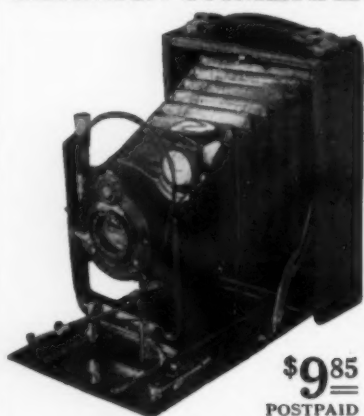
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### Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 12)

him, and read me that the new magazine was directed at The Forgotten Man—"the normal, educated, well-disposed, unfrenzied, enlightened citizen of the middle minority." But I said naught. . . . The Muirheads to dine with us on turtle soup, cutlet with mushrooms, green peas, new potatoes, salad and a fine Camembert, as good a meal as ever I ate in my life. And I did mark in this marriage, as in so many others, how one partner outdistances the other in charm and talents, nor can I perceive what Tom Muirhead beheld in Lizette to attract him. He was never meant for her, I said to Samuel, when they had gone. A great many women seem to feel the same way about him, he responded somewhat tartly.

February  
23rd

Awake betimes, and off with Lydia Loomis to a great lecture hall, where a man spoke on the nuances of temperament and personality, as interesting a subject as ever I listened to. And in one part of his discourse he did mention casually that the use of narcotics is so prevalent that none of us could be without a few friends who were secret addicts. Whereat Lyd. and I exchanged looks and whispered "Enid Blank" on the same instant, though neither of us had thought of it or discussed it before. It explains, partly, why she planted her bulbs upside down. Many of my acquaintance were in the audience, and I do trust that none will attribute any of my idiosyncrasies to such a cause. . . . Thence to look at lingerie, struck by the violence in color of some of it. Lord! to think that the most conservative females now wear orange underthings, when in my own memory a pink ribbon run through a camisole amounted almost to a badge of shame.

B. L.

### Books Received

*The Short Stories of Robert Louis Stevenson* (Scribner).  
*Postscripts*, by O. Henry (Harper).  
*Adventures in Journalism*, by Sir Philip Gibbs (Harper).  
*Jealousy: Enemies: The Law of the Savage*, by Mikhail P. Artzybasheff (Boni & Liveright).  
*By Intervention of Providence*, by Stephen McKenna (Little, Brown).  
*The Marriage of Yussuf Khan*, by Frank Heller (Crowell).  
*Streets of Night*, by John Dos Passos (Doran).  
*The Book of Sports and Games*, by Walter Camp (Crowell).  
*The Alabaster Box*, by James Lane Allen (Harper).  
*The Happy Isles*, by Basil King (Harper).  
*The American Drama*, by Arthur Hobson Quinn (Harper).  
*Aunt Polly's Story of Mankind*, by Donald Ogden Stewart (Doran).  
*Conservation, Radicalism and Scientific Method*, by A. B. Wolfe (Macmillan).  
*Winged Seeds*, by Bertha Oppenheim (Macmillan).  
*A King's Daughter*, by John Masefield (Macmillan).  
*The Call of the Road*, by Edouard Estaunié (Boni & Liveright).

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*Tom Masson's Annual for 1923*, by Thomas L. Masson (Doubleday, Page).  
*A Palestine Notebook, 1918-1923*, by C. R. Ashbee (Doubleday, Page).  
*Inward Ho!* by Christopher Morley (Doubleday, Page).  
*Quest*, by Rosita Forbes (Holt).  
*Midwest Portraits*, by Harry Hansen (Harcourt, Brace).

# By Way of Introduction

*If this method of introducing may  
be said to weigh anything at all*



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